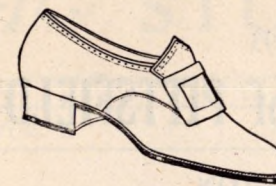


THE  
STUDENT'S  
PEN

APRIL 1925





*New, Snappy  
Step-in-Pumps  
for the School Miss*

Fashioned in the new Hollywood tan Calf and shiny soft patent Kid over a very attractive low heel last; small rounded tongue at throat of vamp.

*Goodyear welted soles-rubber heels.*

*Sizes 2½ to 7, widths AA to D*

— Very specially priced at \$7.50 —

ENGLAND BROTHERS

Have You  
Ever Tried

YON BROS.

Complete House Furnishers

25 Years in Business

*Our Motto:*  
Honest Dealing and Fair Prices

*Out of the High Price District*  
42-44 Summer Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



INCORPORATED 1893

**The CITY SAVINGS BANK of PITTSFIELD**

*Branches*  
**MORNINGSIDE DALTON**

Open a Savings Account *tomorrow* with this Savings Bank and you will be doing a profitable and satisfactory thing, *because*

**IT IS SAFE  
 IT IS CONVENIENT and  
 IT IS PROFITABLE**

Our Dividends  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$  per annum since 1918

**Christmas, Vacation and Insurance Clubs**

MATURING EVERY MONTH OF THE YEAR  
 Resources over \$8,500,000.00

**ENGSTROM PHARMACY**

**PRESCRIPTION  
 DRUG STORE**

*John F. Magner, Prop.*

251 North St. Pittsfield, Mass.  
*Wright's Block*

**R**

*Visit our fountain and enjoy a  
 real Ice Cream Soda. Your  
 teachers do. Why not you?*



**Everything  
 in Sport Goods**

**BELDEN'S SPORT SHOP**

TEL. 591-W

277 North St. Pittsfield

**The STUDENT'S PEN**

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. X

APRIL, 1925

No. 6

**BOARD OF EDITORS**

*Editor-in-Chief*, Agnes Wentworth

*Associate Editor*, Rollin Stevenson

*Essays and Specials*

Vera Richmond, Lulu Vreeland

Ione Howard

*Short Stories*

Martha Burt, Alyce Columbia, Elsie Elfving, A. Gaylord, Mary Hamilton, Amelia Nagelschmidt, Antinette Ruberto, Mary Varcoe, Erma Reed

Leone Pritchard

*Student Activities*

Lila Burns, Russell Clarke, John Dormer, Harold Houser, Harriet Moses, Charles Owen, Charlotte Thurston, Marjorie White

Charlotte Chapman

*Poetry*

Elaine Carruthers, Marian Bastow, Helen Lynch, Nettie Sackett

Alice Canfield

*Exchanges*

Marian Barbour, Lawrence Goddeau

Jennie Corrinet

*Book Reviews*

Elizabeth Smith, Margaret McCourt, Grace Quirk

Margaret Tompkins

*Jokes*

Harry Brundige, Fred Carpenter, Evelyn Duprey, George Hunt, Kenneth Lazette, Irene Koscher, Robert McLaughlin, Robert Pomeroy, Eugene Pryne, Nicholas Shelsey, Margaret Smith

Maxine McClatchy

*Alumni Notes*

Ann Quirk

Rebecca Trego

*Athletic Notes*

Peter Garden

Norman Hollister

*Commercial Notes*

Mary Flynn

Patrick Mahon

*Faculty Adviser*, Miss Madeline E. Pfeiffer

*Business Manager*, Katheryn Ryan

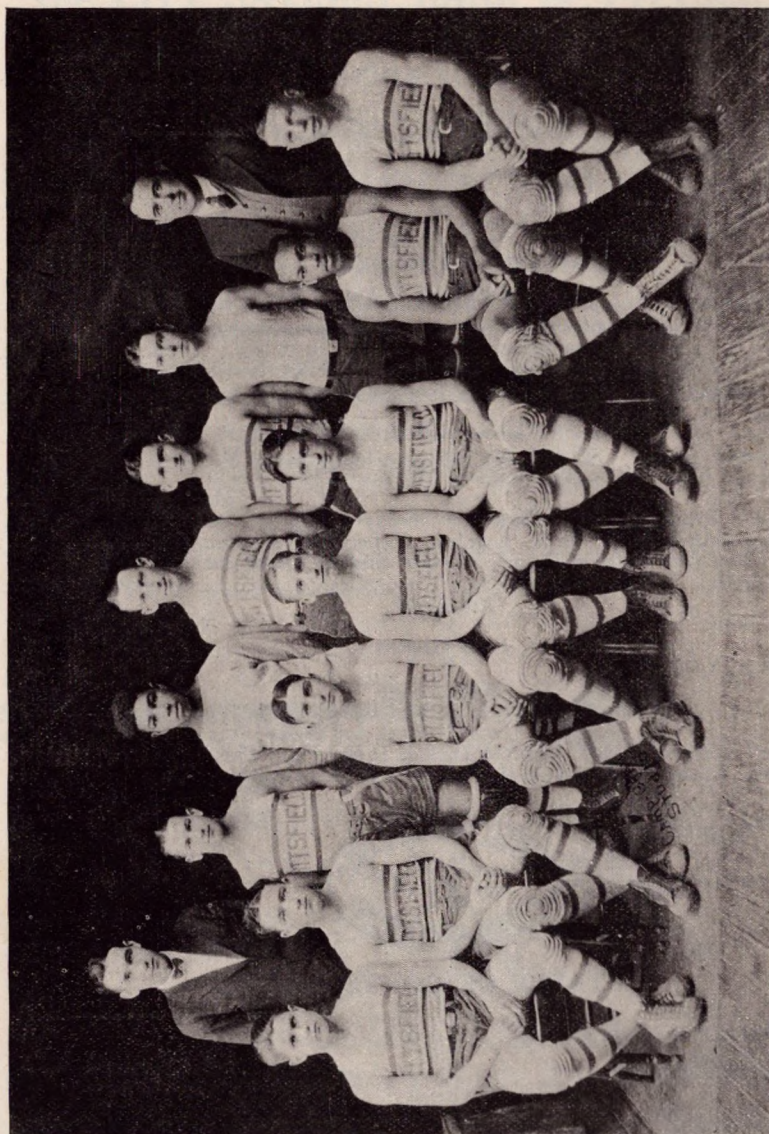
*Assistants*—Loretta Scuff, Jeanette Dickie, Helen Finn, Jack Finn, Benjamin Klein, Katherine Killian, Esther Levin, Marjorie Redding

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIALS	5
LITERATURE	10
POETRY	21
BOOK REVIEWS	23
SCHOOL NOTES	25
ATHLETICS	29
ALUMNI	31
EXCHANGES	32
JOKES	34

**PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS**





CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM OF THE CITY  
 Front row (left to right):—Henry Garrison '27, forward; Francis Campion '26, center; Arnold Rose '26, forward; Captain Robert Heister '25, guard; Edward Stickles, forward; Ralph Garner '26, guard; Edgar Almstead '27, guard;  
 Back row (left to right):—Mayner Robbins '25, manager; Theodore Millett '26, forward; Harold Price '26, center; Edward Connelly '26, center; Harry Daniels '28, forward; Sidney Cusick '27, forward; Coach John T. Carmody

## EDITORIAL

### Spring

"Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!  
 Thou messenger of Spring!  
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
 And woods thy welcome sing."

So sings the poet. It is at this time, when Spring comes tripping over the beds of snow and rivers of ice, if at any season of the year, that all human beings seem to emerge from their own secret, selfish existences and smile upon the earth and its inhabitants, the same earth, old yet new in its fresh, green life. When people become dull, uninteresting, fault-finding and complaining because of the long, hard winter with deep snow, zero weather and piercing winds, then to keep contentment on earth, Mother Nature sends her messenger, "Spring", to the world, just as the gods on Mt. Olympus dispatched Mercury with their official messages. Spring touches the clouds of snow with her wand and they vanish; the cold, blustering winds are sent back to their home at the ends of the planet; the ice-bound rivers are freed; the snows on the mountain sides slip down and feed thousands of little streams; tiny brooklets, which gurgle through quiet glades, whisper to the sleeping flowers, "Wake, Spring is here"; the warm breezes cause the sap in the maple trees to flow. The real heralds of Spring are called back from the South, with colors more brilliant than ever before. A flash of bright blue, of black and red, of golden wings, the tap tapping on an elm tree and the rusty croakings of Grackles all promise to weary mortals that Summer is on its way at last. With this new birth of life, people seem to shed their coats of pessimism and to blossom into costumes of good cheer. Their faces radiate smiles, now that Spring—magical Spring—has arrived and petty troubles disappear. Fewer cross words and more cheery greetings fill the air.

What a remarkable change takes place  
 When Spring arrives with a cheery face.  
 Let's all be Springs for every day  
 And smile on folks along the way.

### Patronize Our Advertisers

Do you students of Pittsfield High realize that it is not you but the merchants of our city who support the Student's Pen? Do you know that if the merchants of Pittsfield were not so eager, so willing, so good-hearted, we would not have our interesting paper? This is the truth. The members of the advertising section of the Pen Club go to these merchants, tell them about our paper, make them realize its wide circulation and importance, and convince them that it would be profitable to advertise in the Pen. Now do you not think, we ought to show these tradesmen that we appreciate their help?



The Pen has advertisers for every kind of merchandise from jewelry to candy, from the latest fashions for both men and women to automobile accessories. Our advertisers are all reliable and trustworthy and without their loyal assistance each month, we would not have our paper.

Now, we, teachers and students, can do something to show our appreciation to those firms which have supported us so loyally in the past and which, we are certain, will continue to do so in the future. Instead of buying from firms which have not helped us, let us patronize those who have supported us so faithfully. This must apply to everyone, both teachers and students, and it will prove to the merchants that advertisements in the Pen will increase their trade and be profitable to them.

*Katharyn Ryan, '26*

### The Value of Track to the Student

**A**BOUT this time of year coaches of schools in all sections of the country are preparing to train agile, young athletes for competition in track meets. But the question arises, what benefit will be derived from such a fatiguing sport? This is the question that has undoubtedly made many hidden marvels loathe to show their natural ability.

There are several reasons why youth persists in training on the track. Some do it for pleasure, others for honors and still others to show their loyalty to their school or organization. But there is still another reason that all runners eventually realize but which few really give as their main purpose in running. That is the solid good that can be derived from running; the agility, grace and the form of the whole structural body, and the strength and development of muscles that otherwise are soft and undeveloped. This is the ultimate reward that is gained from taking up a manly sport that has existed ever since man has. Good trainers know that running, like swimming, engages nearly every muscle in the body and consequently exercises and develops all parts of that perfect mechanism, including the brain tissue also, for certainly a runner has to do some hard thinking at times.

Running brings out the best qualities in all who indulge in it. Minor deficiencies in action and control of the body show up and are strengthened; good qualities in form and grace are discovered and developed; breath control and quickness of action are acquired.

This sport is not only for certain trained individuals but for the tall, medium and short of height, the fat and thin, boys and girls, men and women. This is why it has been universal ever since the time of the Romans, who have given proof of the good that may be attained from running. Finally, running commands honors, respect from others because of the abilities displayed, and gives a fine distinction to the physique that arouses the admiration of all.

*F. L. Baglee, '25*

### A Source of Wisdom

**A**VERY long time ago, I heard somebody whose opinion I greatly admired and respected say that if he were to be shipwrecked on a desert island, and could have only one book for entertainment, that book would be an unabridged dictionary. This unusual statement so impressed itself upon my mind that, although my study of that volume has been comparatively slight, I have always looked upon the dictionary as the final authority, invariably correct and "the source of all wisdom." This, of course, is an exaggerated and false view to take, for the dictionary has frequently been proved faulty and, putting it mildly, very far from omniscient. Nevertheless, I know of no other book, which will reward even the smallest amount of study so richly. Wisdom there is certainly and valuable information for him who takes the trouble to look. Unfortunately, the tendency of the generation to be indifferent and lax as to the accuracy of the words they use, has caused the dust to gather thickly on that most interesting and instructive of books, the dictionary.

In the interests of the preservation of our language, the section on the correct pronunciation of words, should be consulted frequently. The conversation of a person whose words are more often mispronounced than not, is a pain rather than a pleasure to those who must hear him. How often, when listening to a speaker whose every word is a violation of the fundamental rules of pronunciation, do we writhe in mental agony over our mother tongue, so garbled and distorted beyond recognition. His thoughts, no matter how brilliant or striking, when presented in speech, lose all significance, as we listen in horrified fascination to these strange and marvelous ways of pronouncing apparently simple words. Nor is it only the uneducated, who fall into this habit of mispronunciation—the most intelligent and well-educated persons are frequently the wrong-doers in this case. A word correctly pronounced often explains its own meaning, as for example, that much abused word, "acclimated". Pronounced as "ac'climā'ted", it loses its significance; one cannot connect it with anything which might have been its origin. But as "acclī'mā'ted", it contains a world of meaning. It loses its vagueness and becomes a living and expressive word.

There may be differences of opinion as to which part of the dictionary is the most interesting, but no one can fail to give definitions the first place for importance. They are the bases of all languages—unless every word means something, or carries a specific picture to the listener, one might as well be hearing Chinese. As the source of the meanings of words, the dictionary is unparalleled in its use to man. And yet we are too lazy to take the trouble to look up the meaning of an unfamiliar word! A person, who must use the same word over and over again, without a relieving synonym, is not only uninteresting, but his speech loses color, force and effectiveness. Very often the bald statement carries no particular significance until a more specific and vivid synonym can be found to supplement the broad or general word originally used.

But while both definitions and pronunciations hold their place, as the most vital parts of the language, the third division of the main vocabulary in the dictionary—the etymology or derivation of words, holds the most interest and fascination



for me. Using the term in its original meaning, I am a philologist, a lover of words.

To dig into the history of a word, to trace it down through the ages to the first known language is to triumph over time, to gain a new conception of and a vast respect for the common words we use every day. How wonderful and awesome a thing is human speech when we know that the little, unimportant word we are using might have been inspired by some primitive language, ages and ages ago. Then, as we find the form in which it first occurred and trace up through the years its changes, variations and additions, we are only following the history of man's thought. The changes in many of our Anglo-Saxon words can readily be understood and explained by the history of the times, in which the change took place. A knowledge of the etymology of a few familiar words gives a greater command of expression and a broader understanding of the word's proper use than any mere study of its definition could procure.

So I, too, would choose as my intellectual companion on a desert isle, a dictionary, to study, to delve into for forgotten wisdom, and to preserve, as long as I should live, the high respect due to my native tongue.

*Madge Tompkins, '26*

#### **We Want More Stools**

**U**NDoubtedly we should be contented with what we have and not groan about what we cannot obtain. However, we do sometimes feel rather strongly that we should like to obtain a seat in the lunch room without such a mad race down our dangerous flights of stairs for first place. I suppose, having been seated thru four periods, we should be glad to stand for a while. We, personally, do not object so much for our own, as for our comrades' sake. It makes them nervous to see us stand. Moreover, standing brings us more or less prominently into the public eye, and some of us have rather shy, retiring natures.

It is not only a task to obtain a seat, but it is difficult to keep the one it cost us so much effort to procure. For instance, Ebenezar dashes wildly to the lunch room in time to obtain a seat. However, he has no lunch with him and must buy a special. There he sits in meditation! Shall he risk his seat for a meal, or shall he wait for his dinner until sure of his seat? Hunger conquers. He sadly arises and departs, but his stool is instantly pounced upon.

"Alas!" cries an ardent Latin student, "Let us not thus give over that which pertains to our friend."

"Dry up", responds a friend who doesn't appreciate the classics. "You know we can't save it."

Therefore the coveted seat is carried off in triumph, and when Ebenezar returns, there is nothing left to sit on but an empty rubbish can and the floor. However, his friends do not desert him in his time of need. Someone pushes over on his spacious stool and allows Ebenezar room. Whenever he wishes to cut his meat, he rises as a little elbow room is required; otherwise he sits in unhappy silence.

We cannot let him suffer. What shall we do; have a campaign to raise money for seats, or bring them from home? Home chairs would certainly be more comfortable, and I am sure parents would not object to donating furniture for the comfort of their children.

We all know that there are days in a pupil's life, when eating is his only solace. We should not mar his one pleasure, by making him eat in pain. Let us all attend rummage sales until we have obtained enough boxes and foot-stools to supply our school's crying need.

We are allowed plenty to eat and drink, may we not be permitted to feel merry as well?

*Martha Burt, '25*

#### **Poetry**

**P**OETRY, like music, is one of the uplifting influences of man. It is the most beautiful form of literature. A lovely poem is an inspiration to a thoughtful reader. Who can read Browning's poem "Andrea del Sarto" without a sigh? Who can read Milton's "L' Allegro" without being imbued with the author's love of life? Poetry takes its place among the beautiful things of life.

To read a book of poems seems to me the most pleasant way to spend an evening. It fills my heart with an appreciation of the beauty that surrounds me. A poem is a gift to a dull world. How it changes one's outlook on life! It almost seems as though our day-dreams would come true.

Praise the poet, for his mind soars above that of the ordinary man! He is a creator as well as an interpreter of the beautiful. His imagination can change a drab world into a fairy-land. Milton, Tennyson, Burns, Browning and the other great poets did not live in vain. In one short verse of theirs is often stored a wealth of wisdom. Their work has brought untold pleasures to lovers of the beautiful.

*Elaine Agnes Carruthers, '25*

#### **The Quest**

Oh! who will be my comrade  
 Along life's path today?  
 Someone who can freely laugh;  
 Someone who can be gay;  
 Someone who does not fear to sing  
 Upon life's merry way;  
 To whom the world's a fairy ring  
 In which to dance and play;  
 Someone who loves the starry sky  
 And the rose-gold dawn of day;  
 Who knows as kin the blithesome wind  
 And loves the fair moon's silver ray;  
 Oh! he will be my comrade  
 Along life's path for aye.

*Elaine Agnes Carruthers, '25*





### Bobby's Easter Lily

THE little room was disheartening in its plain ugliness. The blue-washed walls made a horrible combination with the wood trim of the room, which was a yellowish brown.

In a small bed, which was about all the room could hold, a child lay asleep. Presently a little girl of perhaps eight or nine entered, and leaned lovingly over the little figure, then pressed her lips to the pale cheek.

"Are you awake, Bobby?" she asked softly. The little figure moved drowsily, and satisfied, the girl raised the dark green shade.

A ray of sunshine fell into the little room and revealed the form of the small child. One might have thought him an angel deprived of his wings and reduced to captivity. His eyes were blue and his hair, blond almost to whiteness, curled in ringlets about his forehead and temples.

"Is it nice outside, Louise?" he asked.

"Oh, it's jes' gran'!" Louise said enthusiastically. "You know today, Bobby, is when Christ arose from the dead." She said it solemnly, reverently, not exactly understanding what it meant, but aware that it was something wonderful and sacred.

"Then it's Easter Sunday, now?" queried little Bobby. "Ain't we gonna have no Easter flowers, Louise?"

"I guess we ain't, Bobby, but—do you want to look at them on my holy pictures? That'll make it seem like Easter," she said and sped away for her treasured Sunday School pictures. In a moment she was back and they looked at them together, one after the other until they saw one depicting the text:

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Bobby looked longingly at the picture, then—"That's a Easter lily, Louise, no?" he asked. "Ooh, Louise, jes' think, s'pose an angel was to come and put a gran' Easter lily in my window. Then I'd see the nice lily instead of the old dirty alley."

Presently their mother appeared, a little, thin woman, young, but sharp-featured from worry and poor health, kind and loving, bringing Bobby his breakfast. Poor, little Bobby was slowly fading away; he had something the matter with his spine.

As the boy ate, the mother, Mrs. Hoyt, said, "Louise, go to the Infant Welfare and see if Mrs. Ramsay is there. Tell her I would like to see her."

"But the Infant Welfare ain't open today is it, ma?" asked Louise, doubtfully.

"Well, maybe it is. You can go and see, anyway."

Five minutes later, Louise was hurrying down the alley toward the more refined section of the city. She turned the corner of the street and a large, brick

building met her view. This was the Infant Welfare building. Approaching it she rang the bell. There was no answer. She vigorously rang again and again, but no one came.

She was about to return home when an idea came to her. As it was early, why not walk up this street and down "swell Polk Avenue?" The rich people living on this avenue would have Easter lilies.

"I can see them and then tell Bobby about them," she thought.

She walked timidly, feeling she had no right to trespass. She saw many beautiful lilies and thought if she could only have one for Bobby. Presently she came to a house on whose porch was a wilderness of flowers, lilies, tulips, hyacinths, and other gay plants. Ah, if she could have one! There were so many, she could borrow one and bring it back later. She stood, debating in her mind, "Shall I or shall I not?"

Finally she mustered up courage and sped up the steps. Carefully she took a pot containing a beautiful lily and hurried toward home. She framed her excuse as she went. She would tell her mother that Mrs. Ramsay was gone, but a strange lady was at the Infant Welfare Station and loaned her the lily for Bobby for the afternoon, providing she would bring it back by dusk. All this she told glibly and her mother believed it.

Bobby was asleep when she went into his little room. She tiptoed to the window and placed the beautiful lily on the sill. It was not long before Bobby awoke. "Where did it come from, Louise? Did God send it?" he questioned with joy.

"I guess maybe an angel did, Bobby, and maybe it is only for this afternoon, so you had better look at it all you can."

That evening, Louise had to return it. This was not as easy a task as she thought it would be, but she did it.

Soon she was back to the house where it came from. She went to the door and rang the bell. The door was opened by a tall, young man. "Well, child?" he queried.

"Do you live here?" Louise asked.

"There's a lady whom you probably want to see," he replied, and called, "Stella!"

A young lady came to the door and Louise began by "I—I—took this," and handed her the lily.

Stella saw a tiny envelope on the lily. She took out the card, looked at it, and then turned to the gentleman.

"Oh, Donald, I was wrong after all!" Turning to the girl she said, "Tell me about it, little girl." Louise told her the whole story and said she had thought it would not be missed.

"But I missed this one more than I would have any of the others," the lady replied and looked happily toward the gentleman.

"Now tell me, why did you return it if you thought no one would know you took it?"

"Well, I guess God knows," Louise replied.

"That's true," replied the lady, "and because of your honesty I shall give you a nice, big one that Bobby can keep."



"Oh, ain't that jes' swell!" Louise exclaimed in excitement.

Stella got her largest lily, wrapped it up; she and Donald put on their hats and came out. "We are going to take you home, little girl, and see if we can't do something for little Bobby," explained the young man.

"N-no, you mustn't," stammered Louise. "I don't live in a swell house on a swell street like you do."

"That is all right, little girl. I am a doctor, and Stella and I are going to make Bobby get well."

Before she could refuse, they had her in a large car, speeding toward her home. Louise thought she must be dreaming until, at last, they stopped in front of her home.

Stella and Donald got out. The lady took the lily and Donald took Louise and they went into the house. Here Donald put her down and they went in to see Bobby. He examined him very carefully and then said he was going to take him to a free hospital and that he would guarantee Bobby could walk again within five month's time. The poor, happy mother fell upon her knees and blessed him, then turning to her little boy, wept tears of joy. Donald left the room and went to Stella.

"Oh, Don, you're an angel!" she said in greeting. "I never thought you could be so kind." Thus she patched up their lover's quarrel.

Little Louise, peeking, saw the happy pair—and—well, everyone was happy.

*Lucy Eaheart, Comm'l, '25*

### The Lost Bulb

ON E mild day during the first week in October, Mrs. Dickenson of Bethlehem, Vermont, was found by several of her neighbors, unconscious at the foot of the cellar stairs. Bethlehem was only a small village, and of course everybody was interested in everything that happened to every other inhabitant of the place. But the neighbors were more than interested in this unfortunate mishap, because was not Mrs. Dickenson everybody's grandmother? Did she not assist in time of illness, and wasn't she always helping somebody out by giving new recipes or taking care of someone's baby? Nothing must happen to Grandmother, if her friends could help it. If she should be an invalid for life, why, the village would be like a brood of baby chickens without their mother. So, nobody voiced an opinion as to what would happen to them, but all were quite emphatic as to the necessity of the recovery of their dearly loved neighbor.

Mrs. Dickenson had insisted that she remain in her own little cottage. What would happen to her plants, her chickens and her tabby cat, if she should leave them? Somebody must come and keep house under Grandmother's supervision while she remained in bed for a short spell.

Rosemary Scott, a young girl of about sixteen, was chosen to fulfill this duty. She was a little shy about working around because grandmother kept asking questions as to how she was doing this, or did she put plenty of salt and pepper in that mashed potato? Grandmother's interest in everything was keen for did she

not expect to be up and around in no time?

The short spell of being an invalid was, however, a little stretched out, so as time went on, Grandmother and Rosemary became quite close friends. On the day of her accident she had received a valuable bulb from a friend, who was a florist in Portland, Maine. She was going down cellar to find a flower pot and some dirt for it when she had in some mysterious way fallen. During the weeks immediately following her accident, she had completely forgotten about the precious bulb. But one day she remembered it and rang the bell at her bedside so vigorously for a sick person that Rosemary, who was out in the garden, cutting a few late flowers, dropped her scissors with a bang and flew into the house, wondering what could have happened to her patient, who always before had rung the bell with such a dainty, little tinkle.

"What's the trouble, Grandmother? Is your leg feeling worse?" asked Rosemary, all out of breath.

"Oh, no, my child. I didn't mean to scare you but I happened to think of a very valuable bulb that I dropped the day that I fell. I wondered if you had found it."

"I shall go down and look if you wish me to."

"Yes, do, but I don't understand why you haven't seen it before."

After being absent some moments, Rosemary came back and said that she had looked everywhere but could find no trace of the bulb.

"Well, that is strange. Tomorrow when it is a little lighter, you had better sweep the cellar from corner to corner and see if you can't find it hidden somewhere. The next day, cleaning brought no further trace of the bulb. Grandmother said over and over again. "Where can it be? If I were only up; I'd find it in a minute."

She worried more and more about the bulb each day. Rosemary tried her best to cheer her by saying that she had so many other bulbs and plants that surely the loss of one should not be a subject for so much worry.

"Can't I write to your friend and purchase one for you?" the girl suggested one day.

"They are far too expensive and I couldn't ask for another when he was so kind as to give me one," replied Grandmother sorrowfully.

Mrs. Dickenson was impatient to be up and around again. The sixth month of her illness was drawing to a close and she was tired of staying in bed. The neighbors had done everything in their power to make it easier for her. They had brought books, flowers, jellies of all kinds and foods galore. The different clubs and societies of the village had formed the habit of meeting at her home. A day never went by but what some kind friend was in during the morning and afternoon, but Grandmother wanted to be up and doing for other folks instead of being waited upon by them. So eager was she to take up her old duties that, with Rosemary's help, she began practising on the sly. Each day the girl would assist the invalid from the bed to a chair where she would sit in the sunny bay window until some neighbor was seen coming toward the house, and then she was hurried back to bed.

Rosemary knew that the people of the village were planning a big surprise for Grandmother for Easter. They intended to have a party on the veranda. Although



she didn't say so to her, she thought it would be nice for Grandmother to surprise them. So casually one day as Mrs. Dickenson sat by the window, Rosemary suggested that she try to walk. During the remaining two weeks they practised several times morning and afternoon. So often were they interrupted by the ringing of the door bell, that one afternoon, when her walking had been shortened four different times, Grandmother remarked that she wished her neighbors were not quite so friendly.

The Saturday before Easter she walked around on the lower floor and even suggested that she could manage the stairs. Her one thought was to get down cellar, but Rosemary watched her charge every minute fearing that she might fall again.

Easter morning dawned as beautiful as it had on that eventful Easter day two thousand years before. Some of the neighbors had arrived at Grandmother's early and had set the tables on the piazza and spread them with delicacies for the Easter breakfast. Very early too, Grandmother was dressed in her best gown, ready to receive any callers who might stroll that way. The folks came along in twos and threes, chatted quite guilelessly for a few minutes, and then someone suggested that Grandmother be carried out to the veranda. But she surprised them before their plan dawned upon her, for she gently declined to be carried, and before their astonished eyes, she slipped out of her chair and walked with unfaltering steps to the piazza where she met many more of her friends. Rosemary led her to the head of the table marked the Place of Honor. After she was seated, the meaning of everything became apparent to her and she smiled and thanked them all.

At her right hand stood a beautiful Easterlily, its single flower fragrant and pure in all its simple whiteness, and on the stem which bore the exquisite blossom was a card that read—

"The Lost Bulb"

*Agnes Wentworth, '25*

#### Small Town Girls

THE Maitland family was a happy family. At least that was what everyone else said. There were two girls and a boy besides Mr. and Mrs. Maitland. Their names were, in order of their ages, Maxine, Theodore, and Kathleen. They were known to their family and intimate friends as "Max," "Ted," and "Kitty."

Just now the three children were at the breakfast table. This particular Friday morning Mr. and Mrs. Maitland had eaten breakfast some time before their children came into the dining room. Max was dressed in a neat suit of serge and looked very business like, for she was working. But Kitty was a contrast. She was lounging around in a dressing gown and slippers, with a bewitching boudoir cap on her head.

Ted looked up fretfully and said, "Oh, Kit! Why can't you dress before you come to breakfast? I'll bet if Ned could see you now he wouldn't think you were so wonderful."

Kitty only laughed and tossed her head. "That isn't the point," she said. "Why aren't you coming to the party tonight? There are to be lots of nice girls there."

"Well, I guess not," Ted said disgustedly. "They are probably all like you. I'm going down to Bridgeport to the masquerade. The girls in the city are the only ones who can play with a fellow one night and not think he has lost his heart. Pooh! These small town girls are such easy marks."

The girls said nothing more. When night came, Ted waited in his room 'til his sisters had gone. Then he donned his white flannels and blue coat, and putting on a mask, he decided that he was fine and fit to capture any girl's heart and still remain immune.

Arriving at the masquerade, he began to enjoy the fun to the limit. Then about ten o'clock, he saw a girl enter with a man. She made him catch his breath. She was dressed as a water sprite in a green and gray costume to represent mist.

He left his present companion as soon as possible and received an introduction. Then the fun began. How they danced! All the rest of the evening he kept repeating to himself, "The girls in the city are the ones who are alive. They are full of pep!"

Promptly at twelve, the mysterious maiden left with her escort, but before she went, Ted took her to the porch and asked her to lift her mask. This she refused to do. He managed to steal a kiss, however, and promised to see her again soon. He went home after that and dreamed of her wonderful lips, cheeks, and voice, and her soft, silvery laugh.

The next morning the girls were telling their parents of their conquests of the night before. Then Max startled her brother out of his dreams by saying, "And Kit, was bound she would go and see if she couldn't make a few more conquests, and incidentally have an adventure. So we hunted up an old, gray veil of Marjorie's, in case any one might have remembered her old, green dress, and we also raked up a fan. Then she went. No, keep still, Kit! I'm telling this."

Well, Ned took her to Bridgeport to the masquerade and there she met a man in white trousers, blue coat, and mask, who went simply wild over her. She said she could have laughed, because Ted had said that a real city fellow didn't care for small town girls. He was simply mad about her, proposed to her, and all that. She said she'd have to tell you because it was so funny. He wanted to run away then and there and get married. Oh, dear me! Imagine it! Our little sister, only sixteen and not yet out of school!"

A horrible fear had been growing in Ted's mind. Heavens! If it should be so, he had made a fool of himself to a great extent. And suppose Kit should know!—He looked up miserably to find Kitty's eyes fixed on him, and he knew now that she did know.

After breakfast he captured her in the hall. "Oh, Kit," he said, "Promise not to tell. I'll do anything you say. Good night! If the fellows should ever find out, I would never hear the last of it."

Kitty laughed. "I'll promise not to tell if you will never say a word again about small town girls, and if you'll get me that lovely scarf down in Miss Hall's window before anyone else has a chance. All the girls are wild over it."

Ted looked up with brightening eyes. "Honest, Sis, I'll do anything you say, I'll get the scarf when I go down to the office and I'll promise never to say anything



about the girls again. If you like, I'll take you to the opera tonight. There's something new on."

"Thank you so much for the offer, Teddy, but Ned has already asked me. I am sure though that if you asked Milly Gregson, she would go with you."

"All right, Sis," he said meekly.

Only the other day he had accused her of being "too slow!"

*Harriet Wilkey  
Commercial High*

### **An Easter Monday Romance**

LUCILLE ROLLO had fallen at last and had fallen hard, not from a ten-story building to the cruel pavement below, nor from a two-hundred foot bridge into the icy, swirling waters far beneath her, but from the world of actuality and reality into that airy state known as love, in which it seemed to her very probable that she was walking on clouds or living in the seventh heaven itself. She had reached this ecstatic state after her first meeting and dance with Don Weston at the semi-annual ball of the university, given at that very exclusive hotel, The Sagamore.

Don was a heavenly dancer, a divine one, and Lucille had never before been so thrilled as she was during those twenty minutes, which seemed to pass as quickly as twenty seconds. Now Lucille had been in love many times before, or at least she had thought she was, but at the end of this evening she was quite convinced, that this was the first time she had ever experienced the "real thing," and that she had reached the great climax of her life.

This Lucille, whose heart had been so utterly captured by a young man wholly unaware of the great emotion he had aroused, was a youthful miss of about seventeen years, attending a Western university in search of a secretarial course which would not prove too difficult. She was of medium height, and had managed to retain a pleasing degree of slimness by giving up candy and ice-cream sodas. She had large, blue eyes, a rather attractive little nose, which was usually over-powdered or else not enough so, a darling, tempting, small mouth with lips sometimes a little too much rouged, and a pink and white complexion which no one doubted was positively natural. Although we could not call her a flirt, for she was far from it, Lucille was by no means an old-fashioned girl. Absolutely up to date, and very modern, she spent every Saturday, her only free day, in tramping through the stores looking for the latest fashions and creations. She, however, lacked one present day feature, namely bobbed hair. She had succeeded in avoiding this temptation, perhaps because she realized the beauty of her tresses, or more likely, because she wished to please her fond parents, and so her carefully-marcelled, chestnut-colored hair still crowned her head.

Lucille was a most charming and popular girl, and was so fortunate as to be blessed with that priceless characteristic, a sweet, loving, unselfish disposition, which made her, without doubt, the best liked girl in her corridor. When she first started to rave about Don, her friends considered it only a repetition of a similar affair of

two months previous, but when, after three weeks, Lucille was still pouring forth soulful words of love, they became a bit worried and perplexed, and her dear parents were even considering bringing their daughter home for a few days until she recovered from the heart attack. For you see the enraptured young lady could not even keep Weston out of her letters, and in fact wrote home glowing descriptions of this young college fellow, whom, by the way, she had met once or twice again at a lecture and tea.

Weston was, indeed, a fellow worthy of notice. Tall, good-looking, with very regular features, light, wavy hair, and dark eyes, a marvelous illustration of the "Arrow Collar" type, he was enough to make any girl's heart flutter. And perhaps his most outstanding feature was his dancing, which art he certainly had acquired to perfection. Although his manner was exceedingly pleasing, one was always conscious of the fact that he was aware of his attractive personality.

Lucille, after much planning and contriving, managed to arrange a bridge party to include her latest young Apollo. The evening passed quickly, but Lucille had made remarkable use of her charm and her sparkling blue eyes, and she had not done so in vain, for, although ignorant of the very idea of such a thing, Don had actually become interested in her. The bridge party was, indeed, a very successful beginning, and when Lucille soon afterward received an invitation from her idol to attend a play, she shouted for joy.

Meanwhile Weston was approaching dangerously near the brink of infatuation himself, and other invitations to dances, teas, and theatres followed as quickly as might be thought proper. Her chums began to wonder when Lucille's little affair would end, but from all appearances it seemed most likely to surpass all others on record.

And then came the Easter Monday Ball! What a climax it proved to be! Since it was the first important dance that Lucille had ever attended with Don, she wished to look just as lovely as possible, and had spent hours in searching the stores for a gown suitable for the occasion. Her family had objected to her recent extravagances and accordingly had cut her allowance. Consequently her pocket-book would not enable Lucille to spend too great a sum for the dress, and it was no easy matter, at that time, to find anything reasonable which would satisfy all of her desires. She was at a loss what to do and almost in despair, when she suddenly chanced upon the object of her dreams. It was an exquisite soft shade of blue, a perfect match with her eyes, and trimmed with a gorgeous pink. She felt that the dress had absolutely been made for her, and thanked Providence for leading her to that shop.

The evening of the big event arrived at last, and with it a torrent of rain. Lucille had just that afternoon paid two dollars and a half for a marcel, and although it was guaranteed to last at least a week, she greatly dreaded the effects of the damp weather. Then too, she would have to run the risk of having her new, silver slippers ruined and her chiffon stockings spattered with mud, but irritably she decided to make the best of it. Having commenced her preparations at six o'clock, with a little hurrying, she managed to be ready at eight-thirty, the time set for Don's arrival. At eight-forty she received a telephone call telling her that her partner had been delayed, but would surely be there at nine-fifteen. She barely escaped utter-



ing a dangerous exclamation but somehow contrived to restrain it, and much annoyed, she spent the following half-hour in a most restless manner.

At nine-fifteen she was waiting impatiently at the door, and at nine-thirty Weston arrived. Her greeting was cool and indifferent and her eyes held anything but a look of welcome. She listened to Don's profuse apologies coldly and finally cut him short, so anxious was she to be off. As they went down the steps, young Weston accidentally stepped into a puddle of water, splashing it far enough to reach Lucille's light stockings. She was furious and exasperated and sent him a glance fit to kill, but fortunately, he was not looking in her direction. Then it seemed that the taxi merely crawled along and she wondered if it would ever reach its destination. Don, somewhat piqued at her indifference, said very little and, all things considered, the evening began wretchedly.

When they arrived the dance was in full swing. The ball room was artistically and prettily decorated, and every couple seemed enraptured with the thrill of such a sparkling affair. But somehow Don and Lucille could not seem to catch the spirit of the evening. Exchanged dances, which Lucille had been looking forward to, were lost because of the large crowd. Don reached the height of his exasperation when Lucille refused to dance with his room-mate because said room-mate very often ruined her slippers. Although neither one was enjoying the evening, neither would suggest leaving until the orchestra struck up "Home Sweet Home."

By the time Don had recovered Lucille's wraps and his own, not one taxi was to be obtained. Again a long wait, ending in a most frigid and uncomfortable ride home. The evening had been a cruel disillusionment, each finding that the other was impossible. Lucille resolved to cease her ravings and Don decided that this would be the last of his invitations. Good-nights had all the symptoms of good-bye and good riddance.

\* \* \* \*

It was Easter Monday three years later. At five o'clock, Lucille once again began elaborate preparations for another big event. She smiled to herself as she remembered how three years before, she had been kept waiting by a certain Don Weston.

At eight-thirty, the organ in the little church was peeling forth the familiar strains of the wedding-march. As Lucille walked down the aisle on the arm of her father, she saw at the altar, patiently awaiting her arrival, the happy and expectant bridegroom, Don Weston.

*Marjorie White, '26*

Miss Waite: "Is it dangerous to step on that trolley car rail?"

Policeman: "No, Madame, it isn't unless you put your other foot on that overhead wire."

### Twentieth Century Chivalry

"JIMMY! Oh, Jimmy!" Mrs. Reynolds walked slowly over to the edge of the porch and looked about. There was no sign of Jimmy. She walked to the other side, but still she saw no Jimmy. The street was vacant except for the butcher's cart which was stationed across the road, and the stout, old butcher who was busily cutting meat for one of Mrs. Reynold's neighbors. This latter person waved to Mrs. Reynolds when she saw her.

"Have you seen my Jimmy anywhere?" called Mrs. Reynolds.

"No, I haven't. None of the boys has been around here since breakfast time."

"Well, I'd like to know where he is."

Here she was interrupted by the slamming of a screen door, accompanied by a cry of "Whatcha want, Mamma?"

She hastily entered the house and upon reaching the kitchen, found Jimmy doing his best to reach the large jar of cookies which she had placed on the top shelf of the pantry for safe keeping.

"Get down from that shelf this instant, Jimmy," she commanded.

Jimmy cautiously reached his hand in the direction of the jar. He could almost touch it.

"Jimmy, did you hear me?"

Having at last procured a cookie, Jimmy proceeded to place the whole of it in his mouth at once and climbed down. He tried to speak, choked, swallowed, and then gasped, "Well, couldn't you see I was comin' as fast as I could?"

Mrs. Reynolds, not knowing what else to do, sighed and gave the orders concerning the errand which she wanted done.

"Don't get the berries unless they're good and be sure to hurry back. I want—"

But Jimmy was already out of sight and hearing. Once on the street he slowed his pace and began to whistle, marching gallantly in time with his own music.

"Hi!" a voice called from across the street. Jimmy stopped whistling and turned. On the other side of the road was his best pal.

"Hi, yourself," he answered. "Come on over. I've gotta go to the store."

"What you goin' to get?" asked Ken, falling in step with Jimmy.

"Oh, salt and strawb'ries and crackers."

"That all?"

"Uh-huh. Why?"

"Cause I—say, Jimmy d'you know what?"

"No, what?"

"Billy Crane said your girl was no good. So there!"

"Said what?"

"He said your girl was no good! And there he is."

Jimmy thrust a damp coin into his friend's hand and ran with lightning-like rapidity into the open lot where the unsuspecting Billy was playing ball by himself.

"I'll teach you to say such things, I will!" cried the excited Jimmy.

"What things? I ain't said nothing."



"You're a big fibber, Billy Crane. Take that!"

Bang! Jimmy's hard, little fist went out like a flash and Billy's nose began to bleed. He threw down his ball, his face white with anger at this great insult. Then the fight began. In a moment they were on the ground, rolling over and over in the soft, spring mud, punching and kicking each other with all their might. So intent were they that neither noticed when a tall man walked toward them with a determined tread, quickening his pace as he drew nearer. Suddenly a firm hand grasped the collar of each and the boys looked up into the amazed face of Mr. Reynolds.

Billy, after one glance, freed himself and ran, leaving behind his ball and the better part of his collar. Jimmy, in the grasp of his irate parent, hung his head.

"What does this mean?" demanded the stern voice of his father.

"Well, you see he—he—well, he insulted me. He said my girl was no good."

Jimmy was gaining courage.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Reynolds, with difficulty suppressing a smile. "Said your girl was no good, did he? Who is the maiden? She should surely be informed of your chivalrous actions."

"Who is she?" gasped Jimmy. "Why pa, that's just the trouble, I ain't got no old girl!"

*M. H. Bastow*

#### Spring's Message

The sky is flecked with feathery clouds,  
The sun shines warm and bright,  
The rushing streams that hurry on  
Seem happy in their might.

The slender willows by the road  
Beckon and nod and sway,  
Calling the world to come and see  
Their dainty caps of grey.

The merry, little feathered folk,  
Who fill the world with song,  
Come back once more from the distant South  
To stay the summer long.

The trees that lift their branches green  
High in the balmy air  
Send forth the words that reach all hearts,  
" 'Tis Spring! depart all care!"

*Monica M. J. Killeen, '25*

## POETRY

### Easter Bells

Easter bells—  
Wondrous things their music tells—  
Of a sacrifice most holy—  
Of a stone, a grave so lowly—  
Then—the Master Christian risen—  
Of a link new-forged with Heaven,  
Easter morn.

Easter bells—  
Glorious things their music tells—  
Of a vict'ry won forever—  
Of a union naught can sever—  
Hope, in weary souls new-springing—  
Buds and blossoms in their ringing  
Easter morn.

Easter bells—  
Holy things their music tells—  
Of a life beyond—above—  
Won through sacrificing love—  
As He now is lifted high  
Let all men to Him draw nigh  
Easter morn.

*Frances Drinon  
Commercial High*

### Dawn

'Tis not yet dawn. The brooding sky is gray.  
And mountains standing silent in the East  
Loom dark, untouched by light of coming day.  
All earth is sleeping, man and bird and beast.

Dawn's light increases bringing into view  
Wide spreading meadows, fields of upturned soil,  
And mountains clad in springtime's verdant hue,  
All wonders of their Maker's loving toil.

Then comes the glorious monarch of the day  
Calling his summons loud throughout the land,  
"Come! Come! Ye laggards. Bed's no place to stay.  
Another gladsome day is near at hand!"

*Robert Pomeroy, '27*



**To A Lily**

Oh, the beauty of the flower  
That blooms at Easter-tide!  
Its sweetest fragrance fills the church  
Where peace and joy abide.

It lifts with noble splendor  
Its crisp, white blossoms high,  
While peals of music linger  
And beauty fills the eye.

The world bursts forth in blossom.  
Triumphant joy bells ring  
A song of praise and glory  
To Christ, the risen King.

*Helen Lynch, Comm'l.*

**A Rose**

How fair these blushing petals  
Of a summer rose!  
How sweet the fragrance  
That the soft wind blows!  
The petals—fair as velvet—  
Nay—one knows  
No human hand could fashion  
The velvet of the rose!

*Elaine Carruthers*

**Parlez-Vous Français?**

From, "Bonjour, mes élèves," to, "Adieu mes élèves,"  
Oh, how I dread that French class!  
From, "Comment allez-vous?" to the, "Merci, beaucoup,"  
I shake and quake in that French class.

Lessons in grammar, Lessons in prose,  
Lessons in reading, oh my!  
When I think of my homework I sit down and cry,  
For, oh, how I dread that French class!

Tearing and grinding and chewing up verbs,  
Stumbling all over my reading,  
I never can think of appropriate words.  
That's why I dread that French class.

*Frances Rawson, Com'l*

**BOOK REVIEWS****Foursquare**

*"That tower of strength which stood foursquare to all the winds that blow."*

*—Tennyson*

EFFECTIVE and remarkably unique is the theme of this charming new love story by Grace S. Richmond, whose distinctly human and realistic stories of Red Pepper Burns, the clever Scotch physician, have endeared her to the readers of these stories—both young and old.

"Foursquare" is in reality a study of a most clever and talented, young author, whose very ambition to write great stories makes her instantly admired. At the opening of the book, beautiful Mary Fletcher is at the turning point of her literary career. In the one direction there awaits her fame and fortune easily attained and the alluring attractiveness of life in the city, while in the other, a hard and laborious struggle for worthy achievements and life in the quiet, little town of Newcomb.

It is rather a difficult matter for Mary to choose between the two, Mark Fenn, who was a clever and scholarly professor at Newcomb College and who could not be induced to teach elsewhere than at Newcomb, simply because it happened to be his beloved father's "Alma Mater" and the college where he afterward held the professorship, or John Kirkwood, a brilliant and quite sophisticated young man who promised to become a famous editor of one of the New York magazines and who because of his high position, would be able to give Mary all that her heart could possibly wish for.

How Mary Fletcher comes to make her choice between John Kirkwood and Mark Fenn, who always remains foursquare to the winds that threaten to ruin Mary's career, is the interesting story which Mrs. Richmond's book will reveal to you.

*Ione C. Howard, '26*

**T. Tembarom**

FROM Frances Hodgson Burnett's numerous and very entertaining novels, "T. Tembarom" stands out unsurpassed in its thoughtfulness and unusual delineation of surprising and unexpected human nature. It is delightfully fresh and inspiring, not only for its quaint, every-day, homey humor but also for its pathos that brings instantaneous sympathy and understanding, though never being over-emotional or unnatural. Mrs. Burnett, in "T. Tembarom," rises from a minor writer to genius and, we hope, immortality.

It is the story of the conventional New York orphan, who starts his career as a reporter on a newspaper, rising by hard and conscientious work to editor of the society columns. At this stage he meets Ann Hutchinson, the daughter of an English inventor, come to the "land of opportunity" to sell his invention. Despite the back-ground of an unromantic boarding-house, their romance flourishes and T. Tembarom's unwavering loyalty to Ann makes the finest part of the story. Then



the unexpected occurs. T. Tembarom becomes heir to estates in England. In his capacity of "lord of the manor" he triumphs over what would have been an intolerable position for anyone of a coarser calibre than he. His inbred and instinctive nobility carry him through the slights and snubs of the titled and insolently proud, still unembittered by his rude and discourteous treatment at the hands of those who claimed to be the flower of England's gallantry. But his true character is not wholly revealed until the identity of a man, whom T. Tembarom had taken under his wing, and who seemed to be suffering from a loss of memory, is brought to light.

Unique in plot and written with the best of the author's art, this fine book cannot fail to appeal to all thoughtful readers, who like a story, not only entertaining but mentally stimulating.

*Lulu Vreeland, '26*

#### "A Gentleman Adventurer"

"THE Gentleman Adventurer" by Marian Keith is described by its name: a story of thrilling romance and adventure, of the heroism and chivalry in the Canadian North-West in the beginning of its development.

Charles Stuart leaves Scotland with his friend, Archibald Sinclair, to join the Hudson Bay Company. His first appointment is at Fort Garry in the Red River district. By hard work and fair treatment for all, he wins the respect of all men, not only the whites but the Indians also, often being sent to settle their troubles. While he is at Fort Garry, he meets Flora MacDonald, with whom, needless to say, he falls deeply in love. In many desperate ventures and thrilling situations, the beautiful Flora helps him out of his difficulties.

During his stay at Fort Garry, he incurs the enmity of Chief Factor MacNeil, for which he is unjustly sent to Fort Hearne, situated at the further end of the Great Slave Lake, otherwise known as the Canadian Siberia. After spending two years in this desolate region, he is sent on a mission to Fort Garry. Events now come thick and fast during this trip, which results in the "Young Chevalier," as he is sometimes called, being released from his post in the North. He marries Flora MacDonald and they return to the scene of their romance, the Red River district.

"The Gentleman Adventurer," on the whole, was very enjoyable. It not only portrayed the life in the North West, but also the characters of its inhabitants. This book was by no means uninteresting.

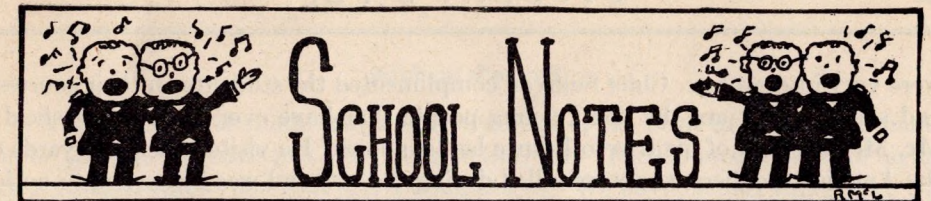
*Elizabeth Smith, '28*

#### Spring

A dash of rain,  
A little sun,  
Sweet Spring's soft train,  
Then, Oh! what fun.

A rippling brook,	Bright green, new leaves,
Bloom-scented air,	Sweet flowers rare,
A flowery nook,	Soft summer's breeze,
Days long and fair.	Hearts free from care.

*Frances Rawson, Com'l*



#### Faculty Changes

Pittsfield High School was sorry to lose Mr. Larkin, a member of the Mathematics department, who resigned on March 6th to engage in business. Mr. Larkin began his duties at this school in September, 1921. He soon won a warm spot in the hearts of the students by his willingness to help and his sense of humor. It always brought joy to the heart of a student when he saw "Room 5" on his schedule card for "Math." Almost any recess if you happened to stroll into the corridor, you would find Mr. Larkin, surrounded by a group of merry students, either joking or giving good advice. We wish Mr. Larkin the best of luck in his new business.

We feel we have a competent instructor in Mr. John W. Curtin, who succeeds Mr. Larkin. He comes to us from Pomeroy School with a fine record and many friends. Mr. Curtin is a graduate of Pittsfield High School in the class of 1913, and in the 1917 class from Holy Cross College. Mr. Curtin was well liked in his last position and Pittsfield High is glad to welcome him as a member of its faculty.

*Lawrence Goddeau, '26*

#### Assemblies

The Student's Council Assembly Committee arranged for, and presented a very interesting rally in connection with the St. Joseph's game, with William Hetsler presiding. The speakers were our old friend, Lois Young, and Maynard Robbins, from Central High, Mary Ray and Francis Kennedy from Commercial. They spoke enthusiastically of the game with St. Joseph's. Songs and cheers were practised and the rally was very successful.

A very entertaining and educational assembly was enjoyed not long ago by the pupils of P. H. S. Mr. Ripley from the G. E. Works in Schenectady was the speaker. By means of stereopticon pictures, his lecture was made doubly interesting. He described the growth of electricity from the incandescent lamp, the electric railroad, the telephone and the telegraph, to the present radio. He also showed a picture of a huge turbine, weighing over seventy tons, which is in use in the plant at Schenectady. Another picture showed a view of a work room in the same plant where the machines, properly guarded, were partly sunken in the floor, as a means of preventing accidents to the workmen. His lecture was very much appreciated by the students. Let's have some more like it!

We had another assembly Monday, March 23rd, under the new seating plan. The purpose of this assembly was to give the students an inkling of what "Safety Week" stands for. The speakers were Chief of Police Sullivan of Pittsfield and Mr. McBane, General Manager of the Massachusetts Safety Council. These speakers



were very interesting. Chief Sullivan complimented the students on their courtesy and said "—they are the finest young people that have ever lived in Pittsfield." Mr. McBane told of his trip to France last summer. He visited the graveyards of the American soldiers who were killed during the war and was compelled to notice the close comparison between the number of people killed in Massachusetts in one year by automobiles, and the number of boys killed in action.

Accompanying the speeches was a short "movie" entitled "Ask Daddy." This was to show the danger that threaten small children in the streets of our cities.

The assembly was very much enjoyed by everyone.

### How Wishes May Come True

Almost every child in his youthful age dreams of what he should like to be in his manhood. Many times his wishes come true, but sometimes they do not.

How may one's wish come true? The answer, by a child's starting to save money in his youth, by working during spare moments. But the most important is:—by learning as much as he can while his parents are sending him to school. He may then further his education with the money he has saved and in this way he may become the Big Man dreamed of in his boyhood day. If he does this,

HIS WISH WILL COME TRUE.

Mary Albert '25, Com'l

### A Note of Appreciation to Our Students at Commercial

The Officers and Trustees of our School Bank wish me to acknowledge in this way their gratification in having every room in the building respond to the appeal "Every Home Room 100% in Banking." In the same breath that we thank you, we are asking you a favor, namely to continue the splendid record and challenge one another in keeping the poster on your door "This Room had 100% last week."

EDITH J. KAY,

Treas.

### Summary of Banking at Commercial High

Sept. 8, 1924—Jan. 29, 1925

New Accounts,	65
Transactions,	2,363
Gross Deposits,	\$1,236.78
Withdrawals,	*391.54
Net Deposits,	\$845.24
Transfers to permanent pass books,	\$698.14
Balance in Trustee's Acct. and School Bank,	\$147.10

\*Withdrawals include \$191.00, Class Ring Fund.

### Student Council

A suggestion was made that the proceedings of the Student Council be made public through the Student's Pen—so here they are. The Council consists of eighteen regular members and four active committees. We have met six times since the beginning of the semester. The most important matter taken up by the Council was the question of traffic. A new code of rules has been drawn up by the committee on traffic and approved of by the representatives. By the time this issue of the Pen is out, they will have been placed before the student body for their approval. Many helpful suggestions have been offered, which will be considered by Mr. Strout and the School Committee. If conditions are not satisfactory, please report them to your home room representative.

Agnes Wentworth

### New Traffic Rules

Of late, the traffic in P. H. S. has gone a few degrees below the standard which it reached when traffic was first put under the supervision of the students. Seeking to improve this condition, the Traffic Committee of the Students' Council has drawn up a code of traffic rules, which should be complied with, if our traffic is to be what we all wish it to be.

The rules are as follows:—

I. Single file should be retained in the three main halls, on the stairways, and in the corridors leading to rooms 1-8-9-16-17-20.

II. Talking in a low tone is permissible.

III. Pupils shall pass to the right of all traffic officers.

IV. Pupils should walk rapidly to and from their classes and should not loiter in the halls.

V. Teachers shall appoint the officers and no station should be asked for by the pupil.

VI. No officer should be on duty at the same station for more than two consecutive weeks.

VII. Every officer should leave his classes at the sound of the warning bell, that he may be at his post when classes are dismissed.

VIII. Every officer should have a badge and wear it near the left shoulder where it can be easily seen by all. Badges should not be taken home but left in the desks in the home rooms or with the home room teacher.

IX. It is the duty of every traffic officer to see that the above regulations are complied with.

X. The traffic officers of each floor shall be combined into squads at the head of each of which shall be a chief. It shall be the duty of these chiefs to see that every station has its traffic officer and that traffic is properly managed at every station.

These rules will be subject to revision by the Council as the need arises.



**Senior A Notes**

It is decided! At a joint meeting of the Senior A classes of Commercial and Central High, at which Mr. Strout presided, the matter of a choice between a hop and a class play was discussed. After hearing arguments in favor of each side, the class voted to have a play. At a separate class meeting a committee will be chosen which will select the play. Just keep your eyes open! True to its reputation, the Senior A class will give you something worth while.

*Lois Young, Sec'y*

**Class of '26**

The Junior A classes of both the Central and Commercial Buildings held a joint meeting on March 26th. The question before the house was to decide on further plans for the Prom. Several of our members, who will some day make able orators, expressed their opinions on the music, decorations, price of admission, date and many other fine points necessary for the preparations for the Prom. However, no definite conclusion was reached. The new committees were appointed to work in connection with the general committee. The meeting adjourned at three o'clock.

*Lila Burns, '26*

**To 1926**

Class tax, class tax, good, old, silver class tax,  
Why do the pupils avoid it so?  
It's sure to haunt them, where'er they go.  
Sooner or later they'll have to pay,  
And woe to them who will delay.  
To 'scape the ghost, I'll show you a way,  
Pay up all your class tax today.

*Marjorie White, '26*

**Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick**

Room 21 no longer looks as it used to, not since the Household Arts Department has taken it over. A space about twelve feet square has been curtained off and furnished to represent a room in a hospital. In this "room" are two regular hospital beds. A mirror on the wall, and lace curtains at the window make it seem all the more real.

All this has become necessary because of the new course recently introduced here, i.e. Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick. The course is given under the supervision of the National Red Cross at Washington, and the instructor is Miss A. M. Osborne, a registered nurse. At the completion of the course, a Red Cross Certificate is given. If possible, after all have received their certificates, a First Aid Course, given by a doctor, will be offered, the completion of the present work being necessary before entering upon the advanced course. Now there is a registration of fifty-four; the students have been divided into three divisions, one meeting Period A on Fridays, and the other two during the first and second periods on Fridays. The Commercial girls do not meet with the girls from Central High, but have a class of their own. The same credit is given for belonging to the class as is given for membership in any other club.

**ATHLETICS****Baseball and Track**

Fifty candidates reported to Coach Carmody for baseball and twenty-five for track. More will probably report later for both sports. There is good material out this year particularly in track. Nearly all the men who placed last year will be back, including "Chuck" Edwards and "Bert" Heaney for the mile; "Howie" Hulsman and George Donald for the half; Clarence Trudell for the low hurdles and 100-yard; "Jim" Maloy for the weights; "Dan" Potter and Harvey Weitzel for the pole vault.

The track team will probably be entered in the Interscholastic Meet at Williams College and the Yale Interscholastic Meet at New Haven.

\* \* \* \*

P. H. S. will lose two stars from its basketball team by graduation in June. Captain Robert Heister and Edward Stickles (who acted in Heister's place while "Bob" was troubled with a sprained ankle). Stickles was high scorer for the team, and Heister was one of the best guards in the county.

\* \* \* \*

**P. H. S. Defeats St. Joseph's in First Game of City Series**

Contrary to all predictions, P. H. S. won the first game for the championship of the city, winning from St. Joseph's High at the F. M. T. A. by the close score of 26 to 24. St. Joseph's led 15 to 9 at half time, but Pittsfield obtained 8 points in the third quarter, putting them in the lead. Stickles was the individual star of the game getting six floor goals and three points on free tries.

\* \* \* \*

**St. Joseph's Evens Count**

Saturday, March 7th, St. Joseph's turned back P. H. S. in the second game of the city series, 24 to 15, in the Boy's Club gymnasium. St. Joseph's took the lead in the first quarter and held it throughout the game. Garner and Campion did the best work for Pittsfield. Heister was bothered somewhat by an injury to his ankle received early in the game.

\* \* \* \*

**P. H. S. Wins City Championship**

Pittsfield took the City Championship by defeating St. Joseph's in the third and deciding game of the series by a score of 22-17. The game was extremely close up to the very end. P. H. S. trailed 2-0 at the end of the first period, was leading 12-7 at half time, and was tied 15-15 at the end of the third period. "Sid" Cusick went in for Rose in the second period and scored six points before Rose went back in the third quarter. "Jim" McNeice was the best man on the floor, getting 10 points for St. Joseph's.

\* \* \* \*

**P. H. S. Drops Second Game to Dalton 28-18**

Dalton won the North Berkshire league title by defeating P. H. S. at Dalton, March 14th. Pittsfield was leading by a score of 10 to 2 at the end of the first period but Dalton came within four points of Pittsfield by half time. Dalton made long shots, many being more than half the length of the floor. Ralph Garner's superb handling of the ball caused much comment.



**P. H. S. Wins From Drury in a Thriller**

P. H. S. 15—Drury 14

The Pittsfield team went to North Adams, March 20th and evened the count with the Drury team. The game was cleanly played and it was anybody's game up to the gun. There really was no individual star for P. H. S., the entire team playing well. Gallup of Drury had a chance to win in the last minute. He had two free tries, one point would have tied the score and two points would have won the game. Due to the terrific strain he was under, he is not to blame for missing. "Eddie" Stickles was again high scorer for Pittsfield getting six points, two floor hoops and two fouls. Campion was second with five points and Rose third with four. P. H. S. led from the start but it was always a question as to the outcome.

\* \* \* \*

**Under the Hoop**

"Bob" Heister surely showed his worth as a captain this season. In the last St. Joseph's game he made eight points. His baskets came when they were most needed, all of them being from difficult positions.

\* \* \* \*

The following members of the P. H. S. team were picked for all Berkshire teams: Captain "Bob" Heister, seven times.

"Eddie" Stickles, five times.

Ralph Garner, twice.

\* \* \* \*

"Red" Reilly and "Duke" Milne put on a "Nick" Altreck and "Al" Schant act at Drury between the halves.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Strout awarded the following boys letters for football:—Captain Thomas Doyle, Herbert Heaney, Joseph Angelo, Norman Hollister, James Maloy, Edward Stickles, Fayette Controy, Raymond Hayn, and Joseph Hickey. These will all be lost by graduation. Charles Sullivan, Edgar Almstead, Daniel Potter, Clarence Trudell, Thomas Hanford, William Whalen, Frank Combs, Henry Garrison, Robert Nolan, William Pomeroy and Manager Everett Stewart were also awarded letters.

\* \* \* \*

Over 100 students went from Pittsfield to see the Drury game in North Adams. The bell which rings out a Drury victory was quiet the night of the P. H. S. game.

\* \* \* \*

"Fran" Campion did very well in holding "Danny" Hawthorne, the Drury wonder, scoreless, while "Fran" scored more points than any member of the Drury team.

\* \* \* \*

The P. H. S. students surely did have a demonstration after the third game of the City series. Nearly the whole student body marched the streets, cheered at the park, cheered at the restaurant in which the team was dining, set off large fire-crackers, and drove up and down the streets in automobiles with the horns blowing madly.

\* \* \* \*

One of the largest crowds ever packed into the Armory for a basketball game was present for the last St. Joseph's game.



Alumni of Pittsfield High:—Subscribe to the Pen. Keep in touch with what is happening at your school. Drop a line to the Editor when you have something to say that you think may be of interest. We'd like to hear from you.

'19 Ida Viale is one of the fifteen students at Syracuse University to be honored by being elected to the Phi Beta Kappa honorary scholastic fraternity of the university.

'20 James Kelly is working in Healeah, Florida.

Clark Harding, a senior at Williams College, won the fancy skating contest at the winter carnival at Lake Placid and also won it at the Dartmouth winter carnival in February.

'21 Henry Barber, a senior in the College of Business Administration of Syracuse University, was recently honored by election into the Phi Kappa Phi fraternity, the national honorary senior society, comprising members of the upper tenth of the senior class of every college.

Henry Merriam is working in Healeah, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Scott announce the birth of a daughter, Betty Rosalie Scott, on March 6, 1925. Mrs. Scott was formerly Arline Bates.

'22 Robert Parker, a student at Williams College, is stage manager of Cap and Bells, the college dramatic association. He belongs to the Kappa Alpha fraternity.

'23 Charles Lockwood is on the honor roll of the College of Arts and Pure Science of New York, where he is a sophomore. His name appears on the Class A list. All men in this class have a scholastic grade of over 90 per cent.

William Parker, a sophomore at Williams, has broken two tank records in swimming this winter. He is also a member of the college glee club and of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.

John Barker Jr., also a sophomore at Williams, is a prominent member of Cap and Bells, and has been elected manager of freshman hockey. He is a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

'24 Bill Silvernail is working at The Wallace Co. Store.

Neill Bridges recently took part in the play, "The New Poor," given by the Town Players.


Doris Acheson has been elected Vice-President of the Freshman Class at Russell Sage. She is also a Student Council Representative.

'25 Katherine Coughlin and Leslie Deming are attending Berkshire Business College.


Eleanor MacRoberts and Bertha Bassett are at home.

Albert Avnet is taking a P. G. course at P. H. S.





## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT



We wish to acknowledge the following:—

"Boston University News"—Boston, Mass.

"Tech News"—Worcester, Mass.

"Pebbles"—Marshalltown, Iowa.

"The Broadcaster"—Lake View, Iowa

"The Patroon"—Albany, N. Y.

"The Sheaf"—Saskatoon, Sask.

"The Text"—Lowell, Mass.

"The Centralian"—Evansville, Indiana

"The Vermont Cynic"—Burlington, Vt.

"C. H. S. Chatter"—Clearwater, Florida.

"The Central Outlook"—St. Joseph's, Miss.

The Student's Pen is acknowledged by the following:

"The Roman"—Rome High School, Rome, Georgia.

"The Catamount"—Bennington High School, Bennington, Vt.

"Banner"—Winooski High School, Winooski, Vt.

"Albanian"—St. Albans School, Washington, D. C.

"Argus"—Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.

"Garnet and White"—W. Chester High School, W. Chester, Pa.

"Exponent"—Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.

### Looking out the Window

"The Folio," Flushing, New York—Your commencement number is one of the best we have ever received. We like your pictures very much. From the numerous photos of the different sports we can see that school spirit is not lacking in your school. Why not comment on your exchanges? We also suggest that you keep your jokes together and not distribute them among your advertisements.

"The Index," South High School, Worcester, Mass.—The idea of a "Directory Number" is very clever, but where are your Literary and your Exchange Departments? Your editorials are very well written. Don't you think it would be better to re-arrange your headings, and also keep your jokes together? They will be more conspicuous, if you do.

"The Pen" Bridgeport High School, Bridgeport, Conn.—Here's hoping that some of your

authors will become famous someday. There are certainly quite a few pupils gifted with the art of writing. We especially enjoyed reading "The Czarina's Emeralds" and hope to be able to continue the story in your next issue. We think your "They Tell Me" and "Do You Believe" Departments very clever and original. Our only suggestion is that you keep your jokes apart from the advertisements and put them all together in one department.

"The Triangle," Troy, New York—Yours is a cleverly written magazine. We enjoyed very much the story, "Too Late." It was very interesting. Enlarge your Exchange Department and add a few jokes is our suggestion.

"The Hardwickian," Hardwick Academy, Hardwick, Vt.—Whoever wrote on "What is Etiquette or Courtesy" knew what he was writing about when he selected that topic. We think that a "Courtesy Drive Week" should be conducted in all the schools, not only in your Academy. None of us is "A" in the subject. Your stories are exceptionally good as are also your editorials. Why not enlarge your Joke Department and put a heading in your Exchange Department?

"The Roman," Rome High School, Rome, Georgia—We would suggest that you collect more literary material. Your Athletic Department is well written up but we suggest that you put in a summary of each player's work. Your Joke Department is very good showing that you have a good Joke Staff.

"The Catamount," Bennington High School, Bennington, Vt.—Welcome! We are always glad to hear from a prize winning magazine. We congratulate you on your ability to be judged as third in the "All-American Publication" (among schools with less than three hundred pupils). We find your Athletics and Literary Departments well covered, in fact we can find no fault with your magazine. (Looks as though we were afraid, seeing you're a prize-winning magazine, n'est-ce pas?)

"C. H. S. Chatter," Clearwater, Florida—We congratulate you on the way you are handling your paper (seeing that it is only

your first year in the field.) Re-arrange your Exchange Department. Comments and criticisms would be more helpful to the different schools you exchange with, than the few facts taken from their papers and magazines. If you wish to have these facts, publish them along with your Comments and criticisms.

"Enfield Echo," Thompsonville, Conn.—What an interesting little book. The stories were very nice to read, and "Pepper Box" was right there this month. Enlarge your Exchange Department and don't forget your Athletics.

"The Drury Academe," Drury High School, North Adams, Mass.—You have a very snappy and well balanced magazine, but why not try to avoid the abrupt beginning?

"The Banner," Winooski High School, Winooski, Vt.—You have a very well balanced magazine with some fine cuts; but where are your poets?

"The Chronicle," Troy Conference Academy, Poultney Vt.—A fine paper with a good Literary Department. However it would improve your paper if the Editorial and Literary Departments were separated. Your Alumni Notes are exceptionally good.

"Herald," Westfield High School, Westfield, Mass.—The Student's Pen wishes to congratulate Westfield High School on winning the Inter-State School Publication Contest. We should be glad of some helpful suggestions from your magazine, concerning ours.

"The Clarion," Fair Haven, Vt.—Your magazine is exceptionally good. Your Alumni Notes are very well arranged. We think your idea of having alumni subscribe to your magazine a very good one. We hope you will come again.

"The Libertas," Liberty High School, Bethlehem, Penn.—Welcome! We enjoyed reading "Dismissed;" it was a rather unusual bit of Literature. In fact we were very much pleased with both your Literary and Editorial Departments—Your Cross Word puzzle certainly was a corker. But wait—yes—your Jokes should not be printed all together as at times we could not distinguish the end of one joke from the beginning of another. Seeing in your magazine that Liberty High School is to enter the P. I. A. A. State Championship Contest, we wish you the best of luck and hope you come through the winner.

### "Looking in the Window"

The Student's Pen—Yours is an excellent magazine and it would be worth any one's time to read it. Your editorials are not only helpful, but they also reveal many instructive and interesting facts. The Exchange and Alumni Departments seem small compared with the other columns. Your Literary Department is splendid and the Department called "Book Reviews" furnishes a pleasant variety.

"The Folio"—Flushing, N. Y.

The Student's Pen—The stories show good co-operation on the part of the students. The humorous poems are amusing, and your jokes are exceptionally good.

"The Triangle"—Troy, N. Y.

The Student's Pen—You have some excellent editorials, fine stories and good poetry. Your idea of putting book reviews in your magazine is good. We notice that you are not afraid to print your defeats as well as your victories.

"The Catamount"—Bennington, Vt.

The Student's Pen—Such a large fat volume, with the most appropriate cover, and the stories were so fascinating. It was quite impossible to shorten the time which should have been allotted to it. If you don't believe in its literary merits, just turn to the book review of "None So Blind," a book of Albert P. Fitch.

"Student's Review"—Northampton, Mass.

The Student's Pen—Your book reviews are well written. Why not try a few cuts?

"Winooski High School"—Winooski, Vt.

The Student's Pen—A very pleasing paper with many excellent editorials. It has one of the largest and best Literary Departments of any magazine upon our exchange list. We were particularly interested in your numerous stories. The only helpful hint we can offer is that you might use cuts a little more extensively.

"The Philomath"—Framingham, Mass.

The Student's Pen—We enjoy your magazine and consider it one of our best exchanges. Your Poetry Department is especially good, though it is really difficult to state just what department is most interesting.

"The Herald"—Holyoke, Mass.





M. Roberts: "What a wonderful painter Rubens was! It is said of him that he could change a laughing expression into a sad one by a single stroke."

Bob Nolan: "My teacher can do that, too."

\* \* \* \*

H. Moses: "What are you laughing at? Not me?"

J. Dickie: "No, not you."

H. Moses: "Then, what else is there to laugh at besides me?"

\* \* \* \*

K. Roscoe: "Do you believe in this talk of 'dance-and-grow thin'?"

F. Maloy: "Sure, look at the soles of my shoes."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Pfeiffer: "Stickles, what is a paradox?"

Ed. Stickles: "Er-er-two wharves."

\* \* \* \*

M. Henry: "My ukelele is company enough for me."

R. Pilon: "So you pick your own company."

\* \* \* \*

A. Nagelschmidt: "What's the proper thing to have your suit case covered with?"

E. Lapham: "Foreign labels."

\* \* \* \*

J. MacIntosh: "Keen girl, I had out last night."

B. Shepardson: "Yes, she's cut me more than once."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Rudman: "You are thirty minutes late again."

Maxine: "Yes, I couldn't find my invisible hair net."

\* \* \* \*

Kindly neighbor (to slightly deaf old gentleman): "How's the rheumatism, Henry? You ought to go to a Chiropractor."

S. D. O. G.: "Choir practice! Land sakes, Lindy, I got this away learnin' to play the snare drum."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Waite: "Spell the plural of 'appendix.'"

M. Varcoe: "A-p-p-e-n-d-i-c-i-t-i-s."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Kennedy: "Write this in French."

J. Lennihan: "I'm hungry. I can't write on an empty stomach."

Miss Kennedy: "Well, then, write on the board."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Kaliher: "Your recitation reminds me of Quebec."

D. Thompson: "How is that?"

Miss Kaliher: "Built on a bluff."

"Not many people can do this," said the magician as he turned his Ford into a lamp post.

\* \* \* \*

M. Henry: "I call my Ford 'Opportunity.'"

A. Rogers: "Why?"

M. Henry: "Because opportunity knocks."

\* \* \* \*

Smart pupil translating Caesar:

"Caesar noticed that the Sequanians alone did none of these things which the others did, but gazed at the ground sadly with their heads cut off."

\* \* \* \*

B. Whalen: "Do you serve shrimps here?"

Waiter: "Sure, sit down. We serve anybody."

\* \* \* \*

F. Gamwell: "Sweets to the sweet."

G. Whittlesey: "Oh, thank you; may I pass you the nuts?"

\* \* \* \*

Miss Day: "What does sea water contain besides the sodium chloride we have mentioned?"

Reilly: "Fish."

\* \* \* \*

Bill Yates: "I've just found a little, green snake."

N. Wellington: "Let it alone; it may be just as dangerous as a ripe one."

\* \* \* \*

E. Dickson: "I often wondered why the English are such tea drinkers."

D. Merrill: "Yes?"

E. Dickson: "I know now. I had some of their coffee."

\* \* \* \*

It takes a cold blooded teacher to give marks below zero.

\* \* \* \*

Ev. Stuart: "How long could I live without brains?"

J. Corrinet: "Time will tell."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Clifford: "Where are sponges found?"

Jr. Hunt: "In Grant's."

\* \* \* \*

R. Osborne: (at piano recital): "What is that charming thing he is playing?"

G. Rice: "A piano, you dumbbell."

\* \* \* \*

J. Gannon: "I know where you can get a chicken dinner for fifteen cents."

A. Nagelschmidt: "Where?"

J. Gannon: "At the feed store."

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Bennett: "Do you believe in a more elastic currency?"

Riley: "No, it's elastic enough. Why not make it more adhesive?"



L. Young: "Are you fond of autos?"

Mr. Rudman: "Am I, you should see the truck I ate for lunch."

\* \* \* \*

Servant: "Rome is burning!"

Nero: "Then my wife must be cooking it."

\* \* \* \*

B. Prodgers: "Hello, butcher; got any dry herring?"

Butcher: "Sure."

B. Prodgers: "Well, give them a drink."

\* \* \* \*

Speaker: "I wish now to tax your memory—"

A. Salo: "Great Scott! Has it come to that?"

\* \* \* \*

Sailor: "I just saw some orange peels and banana skins floating on the water, sir."

Columbus: "Was there any chewing gum?"

Sailor: "No."

Columbus: "Then we must be near the West Indies; it certainly can't be America."

\* \* \* \*

I. Blais: "I heard something nice about you today."

L. Legro: "Did you?"

I. Blais: "Yes, a friend of yours said you looked a little like me."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Pfeiffer: "You have spelled 'apartment' with two p's."

J. Millete: "Which one shall I take out?"

\* \* \* \*

"'Sa tough orange," muttered the inebriate trying to peel a tennis ball.

\* \* \* \*

W. Yates: "I read that the dice of an ancient tribe have been dug up in Africa."

D. Milne: "Prehistoric bones, I suppose."

\* \* \* \*

K. Gregory: "You drive fast, don't you?"

C. Owen: "Yes, I hit seventy yesterday."

K. Gregory: "Did you kill any of them?"

\* \* \* \*

S. Gamwell: "He wears Indian Neckwear."

G. Whittlesey: "How come?"

S. Gamwell: "Bow tie and Arrow collar."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Waite: "What are the commercial uses of salt?"

L. Burns: "Well—salted peanuts."

\* \* \* \*

B. Goodman: "This music makes my head whirl."

R. Houseman: "Does it ever go to your feet?"

*Compliments of*  
***Pittsfield Dentists***



*Dr. Conlin*

*Dr. James F. Hynes*

*Dr. Ira J. Schilling*

*Dr. William F. Magner*

*Dr. Louis A. Lackey*

*Dr. Dennis J. Killeen*

*Dr. Albert T. Blowe*

*Dr. Sullivan*

*Dr. Genn*

*Dr. Strickland*

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



# Pittsfield Electric Company



Serving  
Pittsfield, Lee, Dalton, Hinsdale,  
Richmond, Lanesboro

## Fahey's Shoes

Fetching Styles in the  
ever likable strap pat-  
terns unite utility and  
charm.



**FAHEY'S**

234 North St.  
Pittsfield, Mass.

The House of

## Reo- Service

Passenger Cars  
and  
Speed Wagons

**Brewer Bros.**

INCORPORATED

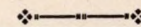
PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

## Burdick Optical Co.

Optometrist-Optician

EYES EXAMINED  
GLASSES DESIGNED, MADE,  
FITTED AND ADJUSTED

Broken Lenses Replaced Promptly  
Phone 3157-M for Appointment



KRYPTOK AND TORIC  
LENSES A SPECIALTY

24 Years in Western Mass.  
7 Years in Berkshire County

Up One Flight--  
14 Dunham St. 86 North St.  
PITTSFIELD, MASS.



**HOPE TUTTLE**

23 Dunham Street  
Agricultural Bank Annex

As With Friends  
So With Furniture  
The Selection of Both  
Reflects One's  
Best Judgment



**Rice & Kelly**

"Good Furniture"

**Robbins  
Gamwell  
and Co.**

Pittsfield



PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



Compliments of

## FRISSELL'S OPTICAL SHOP

145 NORTH STREET PITTSFIELD

Opposite Palace Theatre

## BEAUTY STUDIO

MISS ABBOTT



*Permanent Waving  
Water Waving  
Marcelling*



51 North Street  
Phone 1630

## REGULAR DINNER 35c

Special Supper, 5 to 8 p. m., 50c, 75c

Special Dinner Sundays, 50c, 85c

### CHINESE DISHES A SPECIALTY

Table and waiter service. Everything neat, clean and well cooked. Cool and attractive dining rooms. Courteous attention.

Open from 11 a. m. to midnight every day including Sundays and Holidays



## CHUNG-WAH COMPANY

Chinese and American Restaurant  
TELEPHONE 2447-R

21 NORTH STREET, UPSTAIRS  
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Established 1848

## The Edwards Jewelry Store

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

*The place to get Right Goods at Right Prices*

Edwards Building 44 North Street Pittsfield, Mass.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Insurance, Real Estate

Mortgage Loans

Real Service in Insurance



## Harry Shipton

Agricultural Nat'l Bank Bldg.  
Pittsfield, Mass.

Tel. 1204-M Notary Public

## ARNOLD COLLEGE

FOR HYGIENE AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION  
Three-Year Degree Course

NEW HAVEN NORMAL SCHOOL OF  
GYMNASTICS

Two-year Diploma Course

Strong faculty. Complete indoor equipment and outdoor facilities including camp. Appointment Bureau, successful in placing graduates.

1466 Chapel Street  
New Haven Connecticut

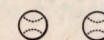
### Our Sage Says—

"I lost my job because my grandmother and my boss's grandmother both died on the same day."

*Everybody likes a ball game*

### Spalding Baseball Goods

Balls . . . . . 10c to \$2.00  
Bats . . . . . 25c to \$2.00  
Mits . . . . . 50c to \$5.00  
Gloves . . . . . 50c to \$5.00  
Masks . . . . \$2.00 to \$10.00



## PEIRSON HARDWARE CO.

Since 1853

Right in the Center of the City  
The WINCHESTER Store

Comfort  
Convenience  
Service  
Satisfaction



## Hanford's Taxicab Service

CITY GARAGE  
Telephone 2793

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



The one gift that strengthens friendship—that is always appreciated—that never requires an occasion—

*Your Photograph*



*Make an appointment today*

**GEORGE W. HENZEL**

*Studio: 139 North St.*

*Always in Sight*

**BUICKS**

**Sisson-Buick  
Company**

SOUTH STREET

**Noble-Milne Co.**

INCORPORATED

*Plumbing  
Heating  
Tinning*



140 FENN STREET

Pittsfield, Mass.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

*Day School of Business Administration*

*Training for Leadership, Business, Social, Civic*

*Two-year and four-year courses leading to Junior Certificate and  
degrees of Bachelor of Business Administration and  
Master of Business Administration*

**FIELDS OF SPECIALIZATION**

Accounting    Merchandising    Industrial Management    Administration  
Finance and Banking    Retailing and Retail Store Management  
Personnel Management    Marketing    Sales Management

**PROGRESSIVE METHODS**

Problem Method of Instruction, Analysis of Actual Business Problems, Home Study Projects, Individual and Group Surveys of Business, Motion Pictures on Basic Industries, Personal Conferences with Executives.

**STUDENT LIFE**

Student representation from many states and countries. Democratic in spirit. Each student's voice counts in every program. Varsity athletics: basketball, baseball, track, soccer, gymnasium and swimming pool. Dramatics, glee clubs, minstrels, orchestra. Wholesome social atmosphere: fraternities, and other student organizations.

Freshman enrolment limited. Early application for admission advisable.

*Catalog and further information on request*

TURNER F. GARNER, Dean

316 HUNTINGTON AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

YOUNG MENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

**RADIO**

**ACCESSORIES  
PARTS—SETS**

*See our line of high grade  
Radio Supplies*

*Authorized Agent for*

**Stromberg-Carlson**

*Radio Equipment*

**RADIO SERVICE AND  
LIGHTING CO.**

97 Fenn Street

Only a

**Registered**

**Pharmacist**

is authorized to fill a prescription

There is one in attendance at all  
times at the

**Colonial  
Pharmacy**

152 South Street

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



**LAW STUDENTS**

THE BOSTON  
UNIVERSITY LAW  
SCHOOL

Trains students in principles of the law and the technique of the profession and prepares them for active practice wherever the English system of law prevails. Course of LL.B., fitting for admission to the bar, requires three school years.

Post graduate course of one year leads to degree of LL.M.

Two years of college instruction is required for admission.

By arrangement with the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University, students may obtain both the A.B. and LL.B. degrees in six years.

Special Scholarships \$75 per year to college graduates.

For Catalogue Address  
HOMER ALBERS, Dean  
11 Ashburton Place, Boston

The  
Berkshire Mutual  
Fire  
Insurance Company  
of Pittsfield, Mass.



1835-1925

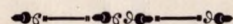
*Your Garden Seed order will be appreciated  
and have most careful attention*

**Frank Howard**

HOWARD BLOCK

*Fenn, First and Federal Streets*

We will go a long way to please our customers,  
but we will go a longer way to  
keep them pleased.



**The GEORGE W. KELSEY CO., Inc.**

70-72 COLUMBUS AVENUE

— Free Delivery Service —

Telephones 573-574-575

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



*Young Women's Coats are tailored  
for Sport Wear*

Spring sport coats are useful as well as smart for a great number of uses—for motoring, street wear as well as for general sport purposes.

For a season when one of the most modish notes is the masculine one—Sport Coats are selected for their careful tailoring, smart lines and serviceable fabrics.

In our newly opened department devoted exclusively to women's coats, we are showing a number of interesting examples of tailored coats. Made from fine imported Tweeds and Homespuns, smartly styled in the new slender silhouette, these garments for young women offer extremely attractive values, at their moderate prices.

**J. R. NEWMAN & SONS**

of PITTSFIELD



